

University Missourian

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TAKE A LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

One of the duties of the good citizen is to subscribe for and read a local newspaper. This is true not simply because it is the duty of a good citizen to patronize home institutions and not because the newspaper is the special representative and champion of the community but because the citizen will himself be directly profited. The daily or weekly newspaper, in the news that it furnishes, the suggestions that it makes, the advertisements that it prints, the good, clean reading that it supplies, is worth far more than its price of subscription. The married man owes it to his family and the single man to himself to subscribe for a local newspaper. Reading it will inform him, broaden his mind, enlarge his sympathies and, unconsciously to himself perhaps, make him a better citizen.

TOWN AS CORPORATION.

The town is a municipal corporation. Every citizen is a stockholder with a vote in the management of its affairs. Every stockholder is responsible for the condition of the corporation. If the corporation does not manage its business properly then the directors and stockholders are responsible. The stockholder who never inquires into the affairs of his corporation, who takes no interest in it, who never concerns himself with its prosperity, forfeits his moral right to criticism of its management.

When a business corporation is formed, men of wealth, of high character, of intelligence and broad views are welcomed into the number of its stockholders. The same should be true in the municipal corporation. But when these men stand apart from the corporation, remain away from the meetings which control its affairs, they have only themselves to blame if matters go wrong.

HONOR OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

Probably no one thing would do more to secure better legislation and more equitable government than to impress upon the people that honor lies in public service. The honor rest not alone in holding public office but in all that goes toward making officers and controlling political movements.

The millionaire who gives largely of his means for the endowment of a college, for the opening of a park or a library, is called, and rightly, a philanthropist. Not less of a public benefactor is he who gives of his talents and his time to make wiser laws or secure a higher type of citizenship in offices.

The lawyer who enforces justice, the preacher who encourages righteousness, the teacher who educates on proper lines—these are all regarded as deserving of grateful recognition. The communities in which they reside gladly acknowledge their debt of obligation. In equal honor should those who work along political lines be held.

The physician who saves human lives put in jeopardy by lack of sanitation deserves no higher honor from his fellows than the councilman who secures sanitation that prevents disease. This extends into all branches of political effort. It should be regarded a high honor to serve the public in any capacity.

POCKETBOOK POLITICS.

The use of money in political campaigns is a crying shame to our country. It has come to pass, in many cases, that more money is expended in canvasses for nomination and election than the entire salary of the desired office. The result of such practice is a constant temptation to dishonesty in office. The legislator is tempted to expect pay for supporting or opposing a measure. The executive officer is tempted to use his position as a means to private gain.

The evil has grown to such proportions as to threaten our safety as a republic. That nation soon ceases to be free where the elections can be turned this way and that by the expenditure of money. Then this would be no longer a republic where all men are free but an autocracy of wealth. Money, not man, would rule.

One way to get rid of pocketbook politics is to punish the bribe-giver along with the bribe-taker. The candi-

date for office who expends money is corrupting votes, by direct or indirect means, ought not only to be defeated at the polls but should be sent to the penitentiary.

LOOK AHEAD.

The man who succeeds in this world never thinks he is a success. The same ambitious spirit that has won for him distinction and prominence prompts him to push forward and assures him that he is a failure unless he accomplishes a certain something that is never accomplished. On the other hand, the man who admits that he is a success is nearly always a failure. The reason is a simple one. The man who regards himself a success considers his life work finished and sits quietly down to enjoy its fruits. When this is done he never attempts anything more. And that life is a failure which is not constantly striving for something better and nobler. In business, as in morals, we cannot stand still. If we are not pushing forward we are going back. The man who begins the year by saying, "I will be satisfied if I do just the same this year as last," will usually end the year in doing less than before. In morals if we strive only to keep on a certain dead level we will end in a deep and miry pit. We must strive for the mountain top. We may not reach it, probably never will, but there is good from the striving. So the successful man puts ever behind him the past with its triumphs and defeats. He deals with the present and the future. His face is to the sunrise and his motto, "More beyond!"

CURBSTONE POLITICIANS.

Every community has its curbstone politicians. They stand on the street corners and talk politics from morning to night. They neglect their business—if they ever had any—and spend their time in unprofitable gabbling. If they hurt only themselves, the evil would be bad enough, but they seek to inveigle every passerby into discussion.

The curbstone politician is generally an office-seeker. He is in politics for revenue only. He cannot understand there is principle involved in politics and that some people may engage in practical work from patriotic motives. "What is he after?" is the first and last inquiry of the curbstone politician when a citizen takes a prominent or unusual part in a political meeting.

The curbstone politician is always anxious to "do somebody up." He has continually a knife up his sleeve. He never allows any difference of opinion. If you do not think as he does politically you must be slaughtered. The curbstone politician thinks he is a great political leader. He is—in his own estimation.

MISSOURIANS have won enviable rank in public affairs of many states. Colorado recently added to the number. The Democratic State Convention of Colorado selected as the candidate of the democratic party in that state for United States Senator Charles J. Hughes, Jr., of Denver; John F. Shafroth, of Denver, for governor, and Ralph Talbot, of Denver, for Regent of the State University. Each is a former Missourian who has attained distinction in his adopted home. Mr. Hughes is an alumnus of the University of Missouri and received at the University the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. His life illustrates what may be accomplished by industry and ability. He married as a boy and did everything from sawing wood to making hay to support himself and wife and worked his way through school by his own efforts. He is now the leader of the Colorado Bar and one of the wealthiest citizens of the West. Shafroth, nominee for governor, and Talbot, for University Regent, are former residents of Howard county, Missouri, and have attained large distinction in Denver. Mr. Shafroth served in the United States Congress for several terms.

INDIAN VERSES

The Siwash, "being a bit of Indian philosophy done into verse by Harry S. Stull," sings of the fast-passing American Indian of the Northwest. Among the bits of philosophy are these:

Pale Face Talk Much—
Make Noise & Blow.
Siwash Think Twice—
No Tell All He Know.

White Man Row a Boat
This Way and That—
Injun Paddle His Canoe
Straight Where He's Goin' at.

White Man Build His Hut
Bigger than His Brother.
Injun Make All Wigwam Same.
No Try to Skin the Other.

White Squaw She No Care.
Want Heap Clothes & Skookum Hat.
Siwash Squaw She Rustle Grub.
Raise Papoose—No Kick at That.

Some Time Papoose Get Cold and Stiff,
No More He Laugh & Play.
Then Siwash Wish Like White Man Cry.

For Heart Hurt Day & Day.

Subscription to the UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN is \$2 for the school term, \$1.25 a semester—invariably in advance. Subscribe now.

VOICE OF THE INDEPENDENT

In the issue of the University Missourian published September 15 the Independent Managing Board set forth the agreement under which it was to have space in the Missourian. It was stated that a part of that agreement was the discontinuance of the Independent. This serious statement the editor of the Missourian saw fit to comment upon, in the same issue, as follows:

"Of course our contributors are jesting when it is stated that the price of space in the University Missourian was the discontinuance of the Independent. Space in the University Missourian, to serve the interests of the University of Missouri or its students, is free—or at regular advertising rates. This paper—to quote from its announcement—is not established to conflict with or supplant any publication. Its own purpose is well defined—that of affording, on advanced educational lines, training for journalism."

To this comment the Independent Managing Board, by unanimous vote, made the subjoined reply. This reply was sent in together with two other short articles dealing with different subjects. In the copy sent in each of these articles was provided with a proper heading. For some reason these headings were left out. The three articles, entirely irrelevant, were run together, so that the effect was entirely destroyed. Hence we repeat the article, with the original heading.

Not Jestings.

In our announcement we stated that it was not our intention to open a contest of any kind. That statement was meant seriously. It still describes the attitude of this board. And we are surprised indeed that the editor of the Missourian should have regarded our first article as a jest.

The statement in the editorial column of the University Missourian of September 15 that the Independent board, in its opening article, was jesting when it set forth the conditions preceding the temporary discontinuance of the student weekly was erroneous. Perhaps facts were wrongly represented, but if that is the opinion of the editor of the daily let him so state it plainly. We are not writing a humorous column. If there is any jesting to be done it will proceed from other sources than the Independent board.

When it was stated in our announcement that the space which would be used by the Independent was purchased from the faculty of the School of Journalism it was not meant that a contract was signed by the business manager of the Missourian and the Independent board and we do not believe that such a construction could reasonably have been placed upon our statement of the facts. The agreement was a tacit one but a perfectly clear one nevertheless. When it was made the Independent board was contemplating the publication of a daily. Indeed the name, MISSOURIAN, adopted by the faculty of Journalism for its paper, was originated by the Independent board when it made a successful experiment with a daily paper. This fact was known to the dean of the School of Journalism. He also knew that the students of the University would loyally support their own organ, the Independent, as they had done for thirteen years, and he knew that a rival paper conducted by the students with lower advertising rates could not but seriously endanger the project of a laboratory daily such as he proposed. Will anyone think that so shrewd a man as he is known to be could fail to realize what the discontinuance of the Independent meant financially and otherwise to his cherished plan? It is certain that he discouraged the further publication of a student paper and accompanied what he had to say in that regard with the promise that the Independent should have complete control of such space, not to exceed two columns, as they should choose to use in each day's issue of the Missourian. When from these facts, we drew the conclusion that we had given value received for space allotted to the Independent it never occurred to us that we were jesting.

BY THE INDEPENDENT MANAGING BOARD.

FEAR OF LEPERS

THE victims of leprosy are now the only physical defectives who are treated still as they were in the Mediaeval times. They inspire an almost superstitious terror in the clean of flesh. More scientific study is required and a more humane method of dealing with the sufferers. There can be no doubt that leprosy is much commoner than is generally supposed, for its period of incubation is unusually long, and it often fails to announce itself definitely for years. Until adequate provision is made for the victims, however, they will continue to spread the plague among their neighbors. State governments have been slow to make the necessary provisions for their comfort. The Federal authorities would seem to be in a better position to deal with the situation.

FASHIONS

THE vogue in hatpins is toward the spectacular. There are hatpins with heads twice as long as your middle finger. These are of colored glass, or silver, or of dull gilt. They pin the hat on the head and trim it at the same time. There is a growing tendency to trim the hat with the hatpin; and in Paris they will show you a wide variety of pins, each one with a spectacular head. One set of pins will have birds upon the end.

A particularly pretty hatpin had a chic readbird as a head. It was a millinery bird, feathers, eyes, bill and all. The clever wearer had a knack of putting the hatpin in the hair so that the bird was always at a proper angle. This bird, with two or three others, trimmed her hat. Another woman, with a penchant for pretty and novel pins, had a bunch of roses each arranged upon its own hatpin. A rose appeared here and there in her hat trimmings according as she placed her pins.

A LATE wrinkle of fashion is to have your monogram in silver, gold or precious stones, mounted on a pin outlined by a plain band of gold and hung from a chain.

Nothing more lovely than coral can be found as the different tones of pink are so smart nowadays. Set in the Etruscan gold, it is particularly becoming, while other smart semiprecious jewelry can be had in beautiful dark blue, highly polished lapis-lazuli; tourmalines in the pink tones, and the rich yellow-green of the period.

For the bride who will spend much time in travel, a shawl strap, hand bag, fitted with the necessary articles; a cushion in a case, and numerous articles, can be given, while for the motor enthusiast there are all sorts of smart paraphernalia.

Ribbon girdles are quite out of date, they having been supplanted by the wide, soft silk sashes, with long fringed ends, tied on the side, two knots, one at the waist line and one half way down the skirt.

Fashion has tried for several seasons to coax the colored shirt waist into favor, but has been unsuccessful until to-day. Among the newest are natural pongee, colored striped linen and madras.

The idea of the initial embroidered on the left sleeve a little above the cuff has been generally accepted as quite a necessity among college women and the tailor-made girl.

Gold and silver card cases, in the old English line engraving, make handsome presents, while vanity cases, shopping and opera bags are unsurpassed in beauty.

But there are always numerous little bottles and boxes, not to mention silver waving and curling irons, which every bride will appreciate.

CONAN DOYLE'S DRAMATIC POWER

SOME Frenchman has said that the most dramatic situation of all literature is where Robinson Crusoe found the human footprints in the sand. With all deference to the unique genius of Defoe, the present writer cannot wholly agree with this estimate. Unquestionably it should have been:

But to the modern way of thinking, it is not enough for a writer to present a great situation. He must have prepared the reader's mind to receive it in the proper spirit. It must be led up to. There must be the preliminary period of suspense. The finding of the footprint in "Robinson Crusoe" comes at the beginning of a chapter, out of a clear sky. The revelation surprises, but it does not thrill.

It is precisely the same fundamental idea of which Conan Doyle makes use in "The Hound of the Baskervilles." But how marked the contrast. You listen to the strange, uncanny old-world legend of the great demon hound that tore out the throat of the evil Sir Hugo Baskerville. You catch the spirit of the lonely moor, and something of the unreasonable fear that inspired Sir Charles. You are told the story of the Baronet's sinister death—the strange tales of the peasantry about the terrible hound and the uncanny sounds coming from the Grimpen Mire—in a word, you are keyed up to just the proper pitch to receive the climax. Dr. Mortimer contradicts the statement that had been made at the coroner's inquest that there were no traces upon the ground round Sir Charles's body. He has seen some, fresh and clear.

"Footprints?" asks Sherlock Holmes. "Footprints." "A man's or a woman's?" "Dr. Mortimer looked strangely at us for an instant, and his voice sank almost to a whisper as he answered: 'Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!'"—*Collier's Weekly*.

The UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN is on sale at the Drug Shop at two cents a copy.

THOSE CORN COB PIPES COME FROM MISSOURI

Quality of Cereal Here Supplies Just the Right "Meerschaum," and Smokers Everywhere Use It, to Farmer's Profit.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—Chicago is drawing on Missouri for a product the demand for which is increasing every day, and by this time has reached proportions requiring seven figures to express the quantity.

This article is the Missouri corn-cob pipe. The big department stores and tradesmen and the smallest street store are handling this common-looking smoking contrivance at a rate that threatens to exhaust the supply of the great Missouri river bluffs on which the best cobs are produced.

The mail-order houses are distributing the cobs at practically every shipping point in this country. They are sent to every point of the compass out of Chicago.

The demand of the retail stores is enormous and is increasing. Smokers of Missouri cob pipes are found in thousands of offices, from the basement to the top floor of the tallest skyscraper in the city. The pipes are held between the teeth of both humble and aristocratic smoker, invading home and working place alike.

Found Only in Missouri.

A great amount of interest has been stirred up in the matter of the production of a cob fit to make a good pipe. Not a few of the agricultural colleges have been called on for opinions as to the kind of soil required to produce a good cob, and practically all inquirers are told "the kind that is found in Franklin County, Missouri."

There have been many misleading notions concerning what has become of an important branch of agriculture, namely, the growth of corn cobs. It has been in recent years only that people outside of Missouri have heard of raising corn for the cob. The work of breeding high-grade corn has engaged agriculturists almost every place where this great American staple is grown, but it all has been along the line of improving the grain, little or no attention having been paid to the cob.

Franklin County, Missouri, is producing the largest quantity of cobs grown, especially for cob pipes, of any county in the world, according to the statement of Professor H. D. Hughes, instructor in agronomy, Missouri State College of Agriculture.

He says that it is not that there is any quality in the soil that is not found in other Missouri counties, but because of the kind of seed corn used. The manufacturers of cob pipes at Unionville describe the soil as dark rich, with a red clay subsoil. They say that this is the kind of land to produce good cobs, no matter where.

Bluff Land is Best.

To obtain size, which is the great desideratum, the bluff land is the best, the

bottom land producing a big cob, but more pithy than the bluff production.

The corn from which the cob is grown to make the cob pipe is the Collier. The corn itself is white, but there are two varieties of the Collier, or cob corn. One variety has a white and the other a red cob. The white is preferable because it makes a nicer pipe and the cob is nearly one size from butt to tip, so that the white cob will produce more pipes than the cob. Some of the Collier cobs measure 9 inches in circumference and 10 inches long. When a cob is thoroughly seasoned it shrinks a half inch both in circumference and in length. It requires about six months for a cob to become thoroughly seasoned.

Surprising Industry.

It used to be that corn cobs were burned. No one ever dreamed that they could be made to produce a good revenue or become a valued by-product in the production of corn. Cobs to-day are selling for 28 cents a hundred cobs, and at the rate they are transported to the factory by the carload.

A farmer who knows how and has the right kind of land, is able to get from \$15 an acre from his corn land in cobs alone. It is not an unusual thing to find an ear of corn six to eight feet from the ground that will measure from twelve to fourteen inches in circumference. The Collier corn, however, was grown in Franklin County long before the cob pipe was thought of.

Another mistaken idea is that the large-sized cob was bred up. The first factory was obliged to go to the farmer and hog pens to get the cobs for the manufacture of pipes.

Want Cobs Only.

Today it is a common thing to find a Franklin County farmer equipped with a gas engine and a sheller made especially for shelling corn to get the cobs for pipe manufacture.

The cob pipe sold over any counter for 5 cents passes through twenty different stages from the rough cob to a complete pipe and stem. At least, that many different kinds of machines are used in the evolution.

The neighboring State of Arkansas contributes to the cob pipe industry, for its stem comes from that section of the Southwest. Stems are made from reeds gathered from Arkansas swamps, and special machinery is used to convert them. The former furnishes the seed free of charge, but holds the grower to an agreement to deliver the cobs at the regular market price.

ABOUT SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM

A SCHOOL of journalism different from any heretofore proposed is to be established at Missouri's university at Columbia, and along a line originated in this State. The plan is to start a daily paper at the Columbia institution and to have the class in journalism perform all the work of getting it out, thus becoming acquainted with the details of editing, reporting, type-setting, press work, counting room and circulation by actual experience. There are many reasons why this method of teaching a business whose distinctive features are unusually numerous should be more successful than any yet advanced. In fact, the other journalistic courses suggested have dealt with theories of study rather than actual experience, and plainly have not justified a belief that the newspaper vocation can be mastered by the aid of text-books, lectures and the freest use of midnight oil. A week of actual experience is worth a year of grinding over abstract knowledge, a valuable thing in the equipment of every active person, but not affording the vital expertness that comes under the weight of responsible special duties and conditions.

IN AN editorial, entitled "Schools of Journalism," the Boston Transcript errs in assuming that Missouri claims originality as to the idea that "the school of journalism has practical value." It may be temerarious to contradict the Boston Transcript, nevertheless it is the Transcript, not Missouri, that has made the "egregious journalistic blunder." The only originality that the Missouri school of journalism has suggested is in the manner of conducting the school. We don't know that it even has attempted to put the accolade of originality upon the methods outlined, though, so far as we happen to know, it could do so without presumption and with propriety.

At the risk of astonishing, painfully astonishing, the Boston Transcript, it

should be said that Missouri newspapers have been aware of attempts at schools of journalism. Occasional events occurring as far east as New York come into our ken. Indeed, some of us have read the lectures of Ool. Harvard delivered in the oriental distance when New Haven twinkles dimly. However, Missouri journalists are more familiar with attempts at schools of journalism than with any positive achievements that have performed.

According to the Missouri plan it is the intention at the Missouri school to give the students actual experience as well as academic training. And it is in this respect the Missouri school promises real results. At any rate, it is the feature, manifestly simple and manifestly sensible, that has inspired among newspaper workers a fairly healthy belief in the success of the project. It is not original, but it surely is unusual in that it has not been tried before.

—*Joplin Globe*.

START your young men with a right understanding of the ignominy of newspaper deadheadism. In every kindergarten of the institution pre-empt their minds with proper ideas of the dignity of the profession and of the requirements of personal self-respect, as to tips in any form or on blackmail, however euphemized. Teach them to abhor the practice of procuring from any quarter any personal advantage on the strength of their connection with a newspaper. Teach them to detest the habit of expecting or contriving any mitigation of personal expenditure on that ground.

If the department of journalism of the University of Missouri will make ample provision for ethical instruction of the sort here so sketchily outlined, are confident that in at least one important particular it will be equipping its students for larger usefulness in their chosen profession.—*New Sun*.